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# Pawn



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## Chapter 1 by Amelia Rose

I feel a bony finger poke my in the ribs. I look up to see him standing there, a smirk on his face. The crowd in the arena above me are chanting his name. I feel ill. Around me, I can see the blood from the other girls he has put through this.

I've grown up watching Wane Lark's *angels* being beat up in the Blood Tournament, but I have never considered being in their position, and now that I'm here, I realize how sick this game really is. I almost want to cry, for I know what fate awaits me, but I don't want to let him see me weak. Not now, or ever.

Wane grips my bare wrist and pulls me closer to him. The thin dress I wear presses against my skin and it is the only thing separating me from his bare chest. I try to squirm out of his grasp but he places his iron arms around me. I cannot do anything as he runs his hand over my body.

"Are you ready?" He whispers to me. I do not move or speak. He places his cold hand on the back of my neck, and asks again, in a more menacing tone. "Are you ready *to play*, my pawn?"

This time, I slowly nod. He releases me from his grip and smirks. "No you aren't." He says, then laughs and pushes me to the cold, hard, ground. He reaches the door out of my cell and looks back at me, grinning.

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battle grounds.

## Chapter 2 by Auminix



I slowly take out the small, steel sword I had found in the cell.

The battleground was played out like a chessboard - and I, of course, was a Pawn. One of the White Pawns made their move, two spaces forward.

Since I was in charge of the Black side, I told the Pawn next to me to move two places to block it - and it did.

A White Knight moved, and I found my strategy. Copy the opponent's moves, but backwards. You see, if you get killed in this game of chess, it's a brutal ending. The piece you're killed by stabs you violently several times, then sticks a spear through you and throws you into the crowd for the hungry peasants to eat as you slowly die. Very painful from what I can tell.

After several moves, I shouted, "CHECK!"

However, the piece that had checked the White King suddenly got thrown off the board, as these were magical pieces - and this White Bishop was now standing right where he could get me - but then I realized - I could get HIM.

I told the Black Queen to move diagonally four spaces left, then the White Knight remaining moved right in an L-shape. I made my move, lifting the heavy White Bishop above my head and throwing it off the court.

## Chapter 3 by Auminix



Successfully, I had the White King trapped; two Black Bishops, one on each side and one Black Knight beside them each.

"CHECK!" I shouted again.

The White Chess-pieces didn't know what to do, so they took out one Black Bishop. No big deal. I moved diagonally and triumphantly cut off the White King's head and showed it to the crowd, all of which cheered.

Wane rises up on a platform and challenges me to a battle. Surprisingly. I have found new

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I have beat one of the best.

I look around at the crowd, who are all cheering.

After medical leaves, Wane comes over to me. He brings me below the arena platform and draws me closer to him. I squirm and try to get out of his grasp, but it's no use as he begins to caress my body.

"My angel," he whispers in my ear, "you are much too strong and beautiful for anyone else. You will stay with me."

He chained my hands up and led me into the darkness.

#### Chapter 4 by Lost Soul



When I wake up, I am in a dimly lit room. A fire burns on the opposite side of the room giving it a redish glow. I sit up and try to make out the rest of my surroundings. There is a little chair, color of maroon next to a black mahogany table.

A door opens and I turn to see a small maid with a tray come in. She starts to come over to me, but bumps into the mahogany table. I watch as she slowly makes her way to me. She sets the tray on the end of my bed. and I hear a clicking noise as she starts to walk away. "Eat. The food will help you with your soreness." She walks out of the room slowly and I get the tray.

After I've finished eating, I stand up to explore the rest of my room. I walk over to the door and try to open it. Locked. I go over to the mahogany table and find a note. "To my Angel, can you find your way out of this room?"

#### Chapter 5 by Someone



Alright then. Challenge accepted.

I make my way to a bookshelf and start searching for some type of clue. On the twelfth book in I find something, a book titled 'The Wonders of Woodwork.' I look to the fire place, the stone

surrounded by intricately carved mahogany. After quickly scanning the design I find no avail and go back to the bookshelf and find 'The Art of Calligraphy' Alright then, back to the table. Yes, I find a parchment accompanying the note. I try holding the

Okay then, I fetch the Calligraphy book and bring it back to the table, not bothering to even sit

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down in the simple chair. I flip through page after page, until finally, I find the style of writing I'm looking for and start to decode the new note.

'Congratulations, your answer is near, you'll find the key in the place that can take you to the vastness of space and the depths of the sea, to freedom and horror and more and more, but ultimately the choice is yours.'

Shoot! Books? No, there's already been a clue there. I scan my room and eventually end up laying down on my bed staring at the ceiling. Wait! My bed! That's it! I leap to my feet and crawl around my bed, sticking my hand under the bed, the mattress, my pillow, until I find what I'm looking for between my mattress and sheet.

I run to the door, my hands shaking, I put the key into the lock and turn the door handle.

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